Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wendsday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease,
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
In thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall be borne to that same auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.*

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.
Capu. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfewield harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruled by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,
This is ast should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hither. Now